

Nocturnall
LUCUBRATIONS.

Whereunto are added
EPIGRAMS
AND
EPITAPHS.

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benefit of *Andrew Pennycnicke*
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Wm. W. W.

CHURCH OF THE

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Nocturnall Lucubrations:
OR
MEDITATIONS

Divine and Morall.



EARNING is
like Scander-
begs Sword,
either good
or bad according to him
that hath it: an excellent
weapon if well used, o-
ther-

therwise like a sharp razor in the hand of a child.

Where impossibilities are apparent, it is indiscretion to nourish hopes.

The gentle hand of Patience in the strongest streams of Adversitie, makes our afflictions sweeter and easie. *Gloriosius est injuriam tacendo fugere, quam respondendo superare.*

Pati-

Patience out-faeth the
lowring front of the
most dismall fate.

To insult over misery
is the undoubted chara-
cter of barbarous inhu-
manity.

To incurre Gods dis-
pleasure for mans favour,
is for a man to kill him-
selfe to avoid a hurt.

Roaring oblations
with sighing tears fetcht
from

from a faithfull spring,
are onely able to pene-
trate the everlasting gates.

Good rewards in the
end, never faile to crown
the end of a well prose-
cuted good.

Though the waies of
vertue seeme rough and
craggie, yet they reach to
heaven, and in the end in-
vest humanity in the
bright robes of immorta-
lity. *Tendit in ardua virtus.*

Hu-

Humility is a grace it
selfe, and a spotlesse vessel
to entertain all other gra-
ces.

As the ball rebounds
according to the force
wherewith it was
throwne; so the more vi-
olent the afflictions of a
good man are, the higher
mount his thoughts.

A good conscience
seats the mind in a rich
throne of endlesse quiet;
but

but horror waies upon
the clogging burden of a
guilty soule.

Face commendation
sets a foole in the chaire
of ostentation; but dies
the cheek of wisdom a
scarlet blush.

The richest treasure
mortall times afford, is
the spotlesse garment of
an untainted reputation.

*Quando altum est de nomi-
ne, altum est de nomine.*

Na-

Nature hath too slow
a foot, closely to follow
the heeles of Religion;
and tis too hard a task for
dull flesh clogg'd with
corruption, to wing with
the high flying quill of
the heavenly soule.

Sorrow for ills past
brings back mans frailty
to its first innocence.

Majestic is like Light-
ning, it never hurts but
where it finds resistance.

B

Man

Man is a Ship laden with riches, the world's the sea, heaven the intended haven: hell sends out his Pirats to rob him, sometimes indevours to run him upon the rocks of his ruine, but yet heavens eye guards him: His soule is the Pilot, which through various seas of time and fortune, brings him to the long desired Port of his endlesse quiet.

I have read of the Hart,
that

in the time of his liberty
and jollity, of all creatures
will not come neare a
man; but when hee is
hunted by the dogs, he
will fly for succour to the
next man he meets: So it
is with man; Prosperity
cannot ingender so high
a timpanie of pride, but
miserie can abate it.

Halcyon dayes make
a man forget both God
and himselfe: but affli-
ctions make us runne to

seeke GOD early.

To master a mans self
is more than to conquer
a world; for he that con-
quered the world, could
not master himselfe.

The malicious thirst of
revenge out of a flinty
cowardize strikes the hot
fire of manlike unmanly
valour.

The falling of a house
is

is more perillous than the rising of a flood. Evils foreseene are halfe cured; but mishap coming with the sudden thunderclap of inexpectation, scares the mindes faculties, from all consideration of wise prevention.

Learning is the onely precious jewell of immortality; it well becomes the outward frame, and with immortal

tall glory decks and adorns the never dying part. *Non habet inimicum præter ignorantem.*

The most transcendent offenders transgresse not so much against the rules of humanity, as doe the black monsters of prodigious ingratitude.

Happy, thrice happy were mans condition, could hee but ransom home the lamentable losse

lesse of that pristin command over his intemperate passions.

Man is the Embleme of miserie, the subject of sorrow, and the object of pittie; and so will be so long as hee wanders up and downe in the gloomie fenn of this weeping wildernesse.

πᾶσα
σὰρξ ὡς χόρτος, ἔπᾶσα δόξα
ἀνθρώπου ὡς ἄνθος χόρτου.

Succeſſe ſeldome fails

B 4

to

to crowne the enterprife
according to the integri-
ty of the cause.

All men wear not one
habit of the minde, nor
are all dispositiōs cloth'd
alike with natures habi-
liments.

Posterity may well be
called the eternity of life:
he may be said never to
die, whose name the eter-
nall providence never
fails to underprop with
the

the lasting pillars of a numerous issue.

There is not halfe so much danger in the desperate sword of a known foe, as in the smooth insinuations of a pretended friend.

Unwise is that man that will be either dejected or exalted with the frownes or smiles of various fortune.

Mor-

Mortalls must subscribe to whatsoever is writ in the adamantine tables of the eternall providence. *Quicquid patimur venit ab alto. Seneca.*

The greatest canker that can be to love, is the bosome nursing of a concealed grudge.

Reason at first produceth opinion; but afterwards an ill received opinion may seduce the very

ry soule of reason.

Strange is the nature of an ill opinion: it stands fast when it is once set, though grounded upon nothing. Miraculous is that water that scowres away the seeming dirt from the object of an ill conceit.

Let thy desires have the length and breadth of reason, & at length thou shalt have the breadth of thy desires.

That

That man is commonly of a good nature, whose tongue is the true Herald to his thoughts.

A prejudicate opinion makes the judgement looke asquint, and the most injurious informer is an ill conceit, because it is ever ready to blemish the beauty of the best intended action.

In the clearest sunshine of faire prosperity, we are
subject

subject to the boystrous
stormes of gloomie ad-
versity.

He that alwayes ob-
serves the censuring mur-
mur of idle people, shall
never let the suspected
blush depart from his
cheeke.

A malevolent mind is
like a boystrous sea tum-
bling in the swelling bil-
lowes of indignation, till
dire revenge sets it in a
conceited

conceited liberty, and never till then is it lockt in the griping gins of soule tormenting captivity.

Devilish is that disposition, which to wait an opportunity of revenge, will seeme, to rake up its malice in the cinders of oblivion; but when the time serves will not stick to give fire to the whole heap of its hell-bred mischief.

It

It is a prodigious thing
to see a devilish dispositi-
on put on a godly face,
and loathed basenesse
cloath'd with a scarfe of
unstained purity.

The Suns eye never
saw the man that lived
not under the controu-
ling hand of Fate.

Many gaze on the glo-
rious out-side of a Prin-
ces diadem, but few con-
sider the tempestuous af-
fares

fares that doe environ it.

Hope of remedy, and continuance of griefe, should be both of one length: when hope of remedy is past, grief should make an end.

Too much to lament a misery, is the next way to draw on a remedilesse mischief:

Bootlesse griefe hurts a mans selfe: but patience makes

makes a jest of an injury.

Hee that is indebted to Grief, let him borrow of Patience, and he shall soone be out of debt.

Patience rides it out in the most boysterous stormes of adversity, and his armour of prooffe against the thick flying bullets of the most malicious assaults.

Where the scale of
C sen-

sensuality waighs down
that of reason, the basenes
of our nature conducts
us to most preposterous
conclusions.

It is a madnesse to be
much affected with va-
nity: for though in youth
we neither doe nor will
consider it, yet in the end
the winter of age comes,
and with the besome of
time sweeps away the
summer of our youthfull
follies.

Quic-

Quicquid Sol oriens, quic-
quid & occidens,
Novit, ceruleis Oceanus
fretis,
Quicquid vel veniens, vel
fugiens lavat,
Ætas Pegaseo corripiet gra-
du. Senec. in Troade.

Opinion is the sove-
raigne mistress, or rather
the sole Midwife of ei-
ther good or bad effects.

It is not fit for any man
though never so misera-
ble,

ble to despair of his own
future good hap: for ma-
ny are the events that lie
in the teeming wombe
of Time.

Ill words bewray
foule thoughts: but
sweet behaviour is the in-
dex of a vertuous mind.
*Præcipitis lingue comes est
pœnitentia.*

Labour in good things
is sweet in the issue; but
plea-

pleasure in evill things
turns to a torment.

Faire words without
good deeds to a man in
misery, are like a saddle
of gold clapt upon the
back of a gall'd horse.

A foolish man in
wealth and authority, is
like a weake timberd
house with too pon-
drous a rooffe.

Heaven without earth

is perfect, but earth without heaven is but the porch of hell.

There are no riches like to the sweetnesse of content, nor no poverty comparable to the want of patience.

I have read of the Hart, that he weeps every yeare for the shedding of his head, though the loosing of the old be the way to make roome for a better:

So

So is it with worldlings,
 they weep to part with
 any thing here, though it
 be for never so great a
 treasure hereafter: though
 no lesse a matter than the
 eternall joyes of heaven
 crown the end of faith
 and good works; yet
 that, *unde votum quod habes,*
 & *redde pauperibus*, is
 such a *durus sermo*, that it
 makes them block up
 their eares against the
 wisest Channer.

The Hart likewise
 when he sees himself ta-
 ken by the hounds, or
 other devise, will shed
 teares, thinking thereby
 to intenerate the hearts of
 the hunters, and move
 them to pittie, or else
 because he sees himselfe
 irrecoverably catcht:

So every true penitent,
 when hee sees himselfe
 overtaken by the wiles
 of Satan, should never
 stop his tears, till he sees
 his

his owne blessed recoverie out of the clawes of the devill : for he that is on high, keeps our tears in his bottle, and though his tender mercy will not presse upon a broken heart, yet he is alwayes pleased to see a sorrowfull soule baptize himself in the trickling drops of repoyrant dew.
He that consults with his body for the saving of his soule, shall never bring

bring it to heaven. If we
hope to reape in joy, we
must sow in teares.

He that stands up a-
gainst the vices of great
Ones, had need to be re-
ble guarded with Law,
Friends, and Authority.

The longer we live,
the more misery we en-
dure : life is like a span
fore'd from a gouty hand,
the more the hand is ex-
tended, the more paine it
suffers.

Sup-

Supposed goodnesse,
by the blab of time, will
have her close basenesse
set upon the scafold of
publique shame.

The fierce flash of too
violent a fire, soon burns
out it selfe.

The old proverb saith,
Faile and softly goes far:
but he that spurs too fast,
tires betimes.

It is a wise mans part
in

in a case of extremity,
with patience to swallow
down the bitter po-
tion of indignity.

Harsh reproof is like a
violent storme, soone
washed down the chan-
nell : but friendly admo-
nitions , like a small
showre, pierce deep, and
bring forth better refor-
mation.

A wise man will di-
gest with patience the
sad

ty, al-
po-
sad tidings of calamity,
when a foole by grum-
bling at a crosse, hurts
himselfe.

Life is a continuall
march towards the
grave, and a dangerous
sailing towards death
through the bellowing
waves of a troublesome
world.

*Labitur omnis homo, momen-
to extinguimur uno,
Namque oleo lampas defici-
ente perit.*

Within the very crown
that

that adorns the sacred
temples of a King, death
hath his lurking den.

*Pallida mors aequo pulsat
pede*

*Pauperum tabernas, regum-
que turres. Horat.*

A willing mind is a-
ble to steer a man against
the streame of the stron-
gest impediments.

Neither the shot of Ac-
cidēt, nor dart of Chance,
penetrates the impregna-
ble

ble walls of a resolved
Patience.

Love, when his links
are once crackt, turns to
the lowrest and most dis-
mall Hate.

Sordid manners in a
comely feature are like
black clouds in a faire
sky. Outward perfection
without inward good-
nesse, sets but the blacker
die upon the minds de-
formity.

If

If the hand of Omnipotency should please to try us with all manner of affliction, to lock us in the griping gins of misery, to steep us in the dregs of poverty, to rain down shame and defamation on our heads; we are to fly onely in this depth of extremity, to the safe sanctuarie of faith & a good conscience, which turne the bitter waters of affliction into the sweet Nectar of never dying comfort.

Good.

Goodness with a smiling patience shakes off the dust that is throwne in the face of her despised fortune.

Teares and smiles are not alwaies the badges of grief and patience.

There is no anger or sorow like to that which boyls with a constrained silence.

Thoughts tending to
D am-

ambition, are alwayes
wont to plot unlikely
wonders;

It is the easiest thing in
the world to be inve-
ctive; and amongst all
sorts of men, none are so
quick at censuring as the
ignorant: hee will still
give the first lash, whilst
himself is at the best but
a lump of ignorance, a
pretender to learning, &
his head stufte full of no-
thing but titles of books:
for

for if hee be questioned
beyond the Epistle De-
dicatory, he is presently
like an Ægyptian valley
in the latter end of Iune.

131 From an immaculate
Fountaine (by reason of
an ill passage) may pro-
ceed unwholesome and
corrupt water.

132 A Tradesman had
need to be a good hus-
band; for it is somewhat
a difficult task in these
times

times, for a man with his nailes or bare hands to teare himselfe a passage through the flinty waies of this hard world.

I commend a man that will draw like a horse, but not him that wil carry every thing that is put upon him like an asse.

Sacred learning is Wisedomes prudent Queene ; studied arts are degrees unto some wished ends,
and

and steps whereby wee
ascend the high top of
our hopes and thoughts.

An ill beginning is
commonly the prodigi-
ous sign of a dismall end.

Anger makes the
tongue bewray the most
secret thoughts.

The top of honour is
a narrow plot of ground,
where if a man tread but
one carelesse step, downe

D 3

he

he tumbles into the jaws
of ruine.

The darkest clouds of
misery or affliction, can-
not over-shadow the
bright shining luster of a
cleare conscience.

The onely way to
wash off the guilt from a
spotted conscience, is to
lay open her bosome-
crimes to the worlds
broad eye.

Ill newes flies with
Eagles wings, but leaden
waights are wont to
clog the heeles of glad-
some tidings.

Inconsiderate desires
rashly fulfill'd, are able to
set the world in an un-
quenchable combusti-
on.

He that wanders too
farre into the wildernesse
of this world, cannot
when hee please creep
D 4. back

back to the lodge of safety.

It is not in the power of man when he please to tread the happy steps of heavenly repentance.

He that desires a good, and suspects his right to it, is bold and turbulent in the pursuit, whilst the man that's conscious to himselfe of good, rests happily content till time crowne with the guerdon

don of a patient expectation.

Time, Patience, and Industry, are the three grand Masters of the world: they bring a man to the end of his desires, when a turbulent murmur oftentimes jerks him out of the way to his proposed ends.

The best complement is but a kind of a handsome foolerie; & crooch-
ing

ing feats are so far from testifying the hearts inward loyalty, that they carry in their front the lineaments of flattery.

As it is a sorrowfull thing when a mans means is too low for his parts, so is it a preposterous sight to see a man whose mind is too big for his fortune.

There is not a more lamentable spectacle than
to

to see a man of parts in
misery, especially if the
fault be not in himselfe:
The worst sight in the
world is a rich Dunce
and a poore Scholler.

The more actions of
depth are preconsidered,
the worse sometimes
they are performed.

The spurs of necessity
are almost able to put a
nimble spirit into the
sense-

senslesse body of a dead
stock.

It is Love that makes
the Eternall Mercy to
beare so much the foule
crimes of transgressing
humanity.

Sea, nor land, nor gates
of brasse, are able to
withstand the indefati-
gable hand of a willing
mind.

So violent is the beast-
ly

ly passion of inordinate
lust, that it subjects a man
to base thoughts, per-
turbs his Spirit, and ne-
ver leaves him till it hur-
rie him headlong into
the chambers of death.

Patience is the best
Midwife to a disastrous
misfortune.

Beauty is but a vaine
thing, though nere so
rich : for in the fairest
woman it is but skin
deep:

deep : under the skin
there is no more than ordi-
nary.

If a man be not so
happy as he desires, let
this be his comfort, that
he is not so wretched as
he deserves.

The only reason why
some men have not what
they desire, is because
their desires are not
grounded upon reason.

It

It is better to be well
deserving without praise,
than to live by the aire of
undeserved commendation.

Happy is man that his
time is but short, because
it is miserable.

Happy are those mis-
eries that terminate in
joy, happy those joyes
that know no end, and
happy is his joyfull end
whose

whose dissolution is eternall joy.

As he that climbs is in danger of falling, so is he that lies on the ground subject to be trampled on by every peasant: hee is in the happiest condition, that moves in the middle region of the world, considering that as want is a misery, a bundance is but a trouble. *Medio tutissimus ibis. Ovid. Meta.*

As

As Contemplation altogether without Action is idlenesse, so constant Action altogether without Contemplation is too bestiall.

Wise is that man that steeres an even course betwixt the Scylla & Charybdis of this world, prodigality and covetousnesse; that on the one side will not lavishly consume Gods blessings, nor on the other side embrace

brace covetousnesse ,
knowing that riches at
the best are but necessa-
ry impediments.

As the smart of the
wound is recompenced
by the cure of the body,
so the punishment of the
body is sweetned by the
health of the soule.

He that hath a friend,
and sees him out of the
way, and labours not by
timely counsell to call
back

back his wandring steps,
renders himself unwor-
thy of so rare a blessing,

He that snuffs at friend-
ly reprehension, and can
better relish the oyle of
flattery, makes himselfe
the pittiful abstract of too
late repenting folly.

Not to speake what a
man knowes, is some-
times discretion; but to
speak, and not to know,
is alwayes folly, some-

E 2 times

times dishonesty. *Audi,
vide, tace, si tu vis vivere
pace.*

As it is more honour
to teach thã to be taught,
so it is lesse shame to
learn than to be ignorant.

We should all follow
the world, as a Serving-
man followeth his Ma-
ster and a stranger; whilst
they goe together, he fol-
lowes them both ; but
when the stranger leaves
his

his Master, he leaves the stranger, and followeth his Master: So should we follow the world: as long as the world goes with God, wee should follow them both; but when the world leaves God, we should leave the world, and with prepared hearts follow our Master God.

*Disce mori, nec te ludat spes
vana salutis,
Nam nescis statuant quem
tibi fata diem.*

As there is a misery in want, so there is a danger in excessse : a man may as soon die of a surfet, as of hunger.

It is good for a man to have praise when he deserves it; but it is better to deserve praise when hee hath it.

Honour is like a Palace with a low door, into the which no man can enter but he must first stoop.

The

The staffe of mans comfort is Hope ; which once broke, bids a finall farewell to the most sweetned cogitations.

The most lasting comfort is this sweet companion Hope ; which once departed , makes poore man either desperately to plunge himselfe into the gulfe of horror and despaire , or with sighing tears to spend the remainder of his pilgrimage in

E 4 the

the mournfull valley of
discontent.

God hath an infinite
number both of sacred
and secret wayes as well
to punish as to pardon.

As the eye of Gods
providence protects the
just, so the bright raies of
his divinity pierce the
darke and secret caverns
of the most hellish in-
tendments. Our breasts
& actions are as transpa-
rent

rent to his eye, as his Decrees are invisible to ours.

Though a plot of malice be never so cunningly contrived, a twinkling of Gods eye is able both to detect and punish it.

He that sailes by the star of Vertue, shall in time land himselfe upon the shore of Honour.

Affections founded on Vertue, have happy ends;
but

but built on lust and vice,
begin pleasantly, but terminate in misery.

It is a base thing to erect Trophees of Honor to our selves upon the ruines of anothers reputation.

High time it is to flee vanity, whē the drum of age beats a quick march towards the silent grave.

It is for the most part but lost labour to bend a
mans

mans force against the
streame of anothers affe-
ctions.

Justice is the soule of a
Common-wealth: for as
a Body without a Soule
soone stinks, and is noi-
some ; so a Common-
wealth without Iustice,
quickly turns to a lump
of corruption.

There are certaine
Springs, that when the
Sun shineth hottest, they
are

are coldest : at midnight
when the Sunne is gone,
they are then hottest :

So it is with Man, his
zeal is coldest in the Sun-
shine of prosperity; but in
the gloomie dayes of
dark aduersity, begins to
gather heat.

It is said of the Sea Ele-
phant, that sometimes he
will come ashore, and
sleep amongst the rocks;
where as soone as he is
espied,

espied, the people surround him with nets & gins to take him; which done, they awake him, who as soone as he is awake, leaps with a violent rush, thinking to leap again into the Sea, but cannot:

So it is with those, who stragling out of the waies of piety, oftentimes fall asleep in sinne, which (when by death, or sickness they are awakened) think

think presently to rush
into heaven, or upon the
instant to leap into the
paths of Repentance, but
then it is too late; for they
are oftentimes catcht as
surely; as suddenly; like
the foole in the Gospel,
that had laid up goods
for many yeares.

We should cast world-
ly pleasures running like
the Egyptian dogs upon
the banks of Nile; for as
they, if they stand to drink
long

long in a place, are in danger of that Serpent the Crocodile; so are those that stay to take full draughts of worldly pleasures, in danger of that serpent the Devill.

It is a bootlesse thing to indeavour the reformation or conversion of a perverse man: there is no meddling with him that loves to be transported with the streame of his owne opinions.

Hea-

Heaven is the admired instrument of the glorious God; by the influence whereof he rules and governes the great masse of this corruptible world!

It is said of those quagmires of honey, which some say to be in *Muscovia*, that there are gins & snares set about them, by which the Beare (which out of a love to the honey frequenteth those places) is oftentimes caught, and thereby

thereby constrained to
forfeit his life, by pleasing
the curiosity of his taste.

Necempta dolore voluptas.

The sweetnesse of sin
is the death of the soule.
The pleasures of sin carry
a faire shew; but as the
shadow of the richest co-
lour, yea of scarlet it selfe
is alwaies black, so be the
colours of sin nere so glo-
rious, its shadow is black
and hellish; though in
taste it be wondrous plea-
sant,

sant, yet in digestion it is bitter as wormwood: the deadly Arsenicke of the soul, and the bane of all our happineste, against which no Antidote prevailes, but the precious bloud of the Immaculate Lamb Christ Iesus.

It is not good to be alwayes busied in the toilsome shop of Action; that man hath but an earthly soul, which man- gre the importunity of the

the greatest businesse, will not sometimes sequester himselfe into the withdrawing chamber of Meditation.

10 Credulity is oftentimes the dreame of fooles, the drunkards ape, and the blind nurse of dangerous security.

Bonaventure tels us, that the damned shall weep more teares in hell, than there is water in the sea;

because the water of the sea is finite, but the teares shall be wept in hell are infinite, never ceasing as long as God is God.

Men are not rich or poore according to what they possesse, but to what they desire; the onely rich man is he that with content enjoys a competencie.

Mensa minuscula

Pace referta,

Melior divitiis

Lite repletis.

Mi-

Miserable is he that chooseth a wife either for by or base respects ; but happy is that mariage when the soule is matcht as well as the body.

Wise is he that shapeth his expēces by his means, and cuts the wings of his desires in pleasure, that they mount not above the flight of his fortunes.

Nothing more unsatisfiable than mens desires ;

F 3

he

he that is poor would be
rich, he that is rich would
be a gentleman, a gentle-
man would be a noble-
man, a noble man would
be a King, a King would
be the Monarch of the
world, and he that was
so, wept, because there
was no more to conquer.
*Heu quòd mortali non unus
sufficit orbis !*

It is not want makes
men poore, nor abun-
dance renders them rich;
the

the rich man may say of
himselfe, as *Narcissus* said
when he saw his owne
beauty in the water,
which made him fall in
love with himselfe,

Inopem me copia fecit,

Ovid. Meta.

----- *quid gentibus auri*
Nunquam extincta sitis?

As there are no better
rules than good exam-
ples, so there is nothing
more perniciously dange-
rous than bad.

*Longum iter per præcepta,
breve per exemplum.*

It is good for a man to be industrious in his youth, and to know that if by honest labour hee accomplish any good thing, the labour is soon past, but the good remains to his comfort; and if for his pleasure he doe any thing that is ill, the pleasure is gone in a moment, but the evill remains to his torment.

Impia

*Impia sub dulci melle venena
latent. Ovid. de Pont.*

The strongest argument of a wise man is to be a good husband of his time; for amongst all the things that God created, there is nothing more precious

*Tempora labuntur, tacitisq;
senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt fræno non remorante dies.*

Lent is a time of fasting;

ing; but the soules great
festivall: for the pampe-
ring of the body is the
starving of the soule; and
when we macerate the
body, we make the soule
a feast: if *depressio carnis*
leade not the way, *elevatio*
mentis will never move.

There is a creature,
saith *Plinie*, in the North
parts of Sweden called a
Ierfe, of so ravenous and
devouring a nature, that
though his belly be nere
so

so full, yet he is not satisfied; he wil eat till by his fulnes he is scarce able to goe, and then run to the trees that grow neare together, and there by forcing his body through, disgorgeth himselfe, purposely to repaire his stomach for a fresh prey: those that are minded to take him, throw a carkas in his way, and then observe the trees that he runs to when he is full, when they once perceive him
fast

fast betwixt the trees,
they run to him, and kill
him.

So it fares with those
that never think of any
thing but how to please
their senses, which the
devill observing, throws
divers temptations be-
fore their eyes, which
they never suspecting are
oftentimes confounded
in the very act of sin.

Of all other things ne-
cessity

cessity hath the largest patient: maugre the greatest commands, necessity will first be observed.

To husband well a small talent is the onely way to mount a low fortune.

To be too full of complement is ridiculous: to be altogether without it, rusticity.

Of all conditions the most lamentable is that
of

of ignorance: an ignorant
man is like one of those
that live directly under
the North or South Pole,
with whom it is alwaies
night.

The onely way to be
rid of a domineering
vice, is to avoid all occa-
sions thereto tending.

Prosperity cast at the
feet of the wicked, is like
a rich carpet cast over the
mouth of a bottomlesse
pit,

pit, which allures the feet
of the ungodly, along the
path of security, into that
bottomlesse tophet of e-
ternall misery.

A ruinous end attends
a riotous life. Well were
it for the drunkard, as he
hath liv'd like a beast, if
he could so die.

If the world did but
truely consider that there
is a Tophet prepared for
the wicked, it would ra-
ther

ther run mad through
feare and despaire, than
thus wallow in dreadful
security.

The rich may offend
more for want of chari-
ty, than the poore in stea-
ling things necessary of li-
fe.

He that rectifies a croo-
ked stick, bends it the
contrary way; so must he
that would reforme a
vice, learne to affect its
meete contrary; and in
time

time hee shall see the
springing blossomes of a
happy reformation.

It is dangerous in ho-
ly things to make Rea-
son the touchstone :
hee that disputeth too
much with God about
things not revealed, all the
honour he gets, is but to
goe to hell more learned-
ly than the rest. It is good
to be *piss pulsator*, for
then the more importu-
nate, the more pleasing ;

G

but

but a *temerarius scrutator* may be more bold than welcome.

He that would hit the mark he aimes at, must wink with one eye: Heaven is the mark, he that would hit it, must wink with the eye of Reason, that hee may see better with that of Faith.

Action is the crown of Vertue, Perseverance the crown of Action, Suffe-
rance

rance the crown of Per-
severance, a good cause
the crown of Sufferance,
and a crown of Glory
the crowne of a good
cause. *Esto fidelis usque
ad mortem, & dabo tibi co-
ronam vite.*

FINIS.

the crown of Per-
 severance, a good castle
 the crown of Suffrance,
 and a crown of Glory
 the crown of a good
 castle. The fidelis in die
 of mortis, the fidelis in
 the crown of

PLATE

EPIGRAMS

AND

EPITAPHS

Written by

ROB: CHAMBERLAIN.

*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omniscenore.*

Horat.

EPIGRAMA

W. O.

EPITAPH

W. O.

ROB: CHAMBERLAIN

Beatus ille qui proinde
Hic posuit
Puerum
Solum



To his honored, and
dearely affected Master,
Mr WILLIAM BALLE, Son
and Heire to the Worshipfull
PETER BALLE Esquire.

S I R,



*Am the more em-
boldned to pre-
sent you with
these fragments
of Poetrie, in re-
gard you begin to be one of the
little darlings of the Muses. It
is not the least of my comforts
to see from a sprig of my awne
pruning, such timely blossomes*

of Poetical ingenuity: somewhat
rare it is to see Plants of wit a-
gree with the hard coldnesse of
our Climate; for this autumn
cuncta movens hath so stupifi-
ed the times, that Ignorance
hath almost outfac'd Inveni-
on. Apuleius may wander up
and down the Arcadian plains
to find Parnassus or the Heli-
conian Well, and meet none but
the dull brood of Midas to di-
rect him. Go on therefore hope-
full Sir, towards that sacred
Spring; you shall never want
the prayers, assistance, and ma-
nuduction of

Your humble servant,

Rob: Chamberlain.

To his well beloved friend,
M^r ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN,
the Author, in praise of
his following Poems.

THe wisest of *Philosophers* conclude,
Best Contemplations spring from *solitude*:
And wanting outward objects, the minds eye
Sees clearest into every mysterie.
Scipio's last life, in's *Villa* spake him man
More than his conquest of the *African*.
So are the *seasons* helpers unto *Art* ;
And *Time* to industry applies each *part*.

These

These thou hast made the *subjects* of thy *Layes*;

And they for *praising* them, returne thee *praise*,

So that to *praise* agen would shew to be

But repetition, and *Tautologic*.

And thine own *works* allow thee better note

Than any friends suspected *partia*ll vote.

Thomas Nabbes.

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

In praise of a Country life.

THe winged fancies of the learned quill,
Tel of strange wonders, sweet *Parnassus* hil,
Castalia's Well, the *Heliconian* Spring,
Star-spangled valleyes where the Muses sing.
Admired things another *Storie* yeelds,
Of pleasant *Tempe*, and th'*Elysian* fields ;
Yet these are nothing to the sweet that dwells
In low built cottages, and country cells. (kings,
What are the Scepters, Thrones, and Crowns of
But gilded burdens, and most fickle things ?
What are great offices but cumbring troubles ?
And what are honours but dissolving bubbles ?
What though the gates of greatness be frequented
With chains of glittering gold ? he that's contented
Lives in a thousand times a happier way,
Than he that's tended thus from day to day.

Epigram and Epitaph

Matters of State, nor yet domestick jars,
Comets portending death, nor blazing stars
Trouble his thoughts; hee' I not post halt run on
Through *Lethæ*, *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegiton*
For gold or silver: he will not affright
His golden slumbers in the silent night
For all the precious wealth, or sumptuous pride
That lies by *Tiber*, *Nile*, or *Ganges* side,
Th'imbroided meadows, & the crawling streams
Make soft and sweet his undisturbed dreams:
He revels not by day, nor in the night,
Nor cares he much for Musickall delights;
And yet his humble rooffe maintains a quire
Of singing Crickets round about the fire.
This harmlesse life he leads, and I dare say
Doth neither wish, nor feare his dying day.

On

On the VVorthfull,
and worthy of all honour,
M^{rs} ANNE BALLE, Wife
of Peter Balle Esquire.

IF worth can mortals to advancement bring,
If birth, or beauty be a precious thing,
If Meeknesse be great Honours Palace gate,
And the fore-runner of some happy fate,
Happy, then happy thou, that art the sweet
And little center where all these doe meet.

In

In Dominum Gulielmum Balle,
filium & heredem Petri Balle
Armigeri.

G rati laudantur, Musis laudatur Apollo,

V irgilii fama et scandit ad astra poli:

L aude vigent multi, sed jam puerilibus annis

I ngenio superas tu Gulielme senes.

E n mare tu terras, urbes atq; oppida fando

L ausigerum nostro tempore nomen habes:

M agna carent magni pueris incognita parvis

U mbris que mortis non addeunda nigris.

S ed teneris doctrina tuis non convenit annis,

B is pueriq; senes, tu puer atq; senex.

A stra fuere tuo natu felicia caeli,

L aus quoq; nunc felix est adhibenda tibi.

L ausum tolle, latet quod pectore teg; docebo,

E t dii dent studiis vela secunda tuis.

Epigrams and Epitaphs

The same in English.

A Pollux skill, the Grecian pen for wars,
And *Virgil* too, transcend the glittering **H**ars
Praise makes men live, but thou a child unfit,
Transcends the limits of an old mans wit.
Both sea and land thou know'st, & for thy praise
Our times shall give thee thy deserved bayes.
Great Poets sing great things that children know
Which to the places of oblivion go not. (not,
Thy learning fits not with thy tender mold,
Old men are children, thou a child, art 'old.
The heavenly stars upon thy birth did shine,
To make thee happy, now the praise is thine.
Take up thy bayes, I'll teach thee what's in me,
And may the Gods give prosp'rous fates to thee.

In

In praise of Learning.

HAppy, thrice happy, & ye sisters still,
That love and live on sweet *Parnassus* hill;
Blest be your times and tunes, that fit and sing
On flowrie banks by *Aganippes* Spring.
Blest be the shadie groves where those doe dwell
Which doe frequent that *Heliconian* Well,
Where learning lives, whereby when men expire,
They are made chanters in the heavenly quire.
That sacred learning, whose inspired notions
Makes Mortalls know heavens high alternat mo-
Tumpets their names unto the cristal sky tions:
Though in the grave their bones consuming lie.
Thrice happy those then, to who learning's given,
Whose lives on earth doe sympathize with heavē.
Whose thoughts are still on high, longing to see
Heavens

Epigrams and Epitaphs

Heavens Tabernacles of Eternity;

Sleighting the world, and spurning at its praise;

Which like *Meander* runs ten thousand waies.

They (when pale death to dust their corps shall
With quires of Angels shal in heave sing.

To his honoured friend,
Mr *Giles Ball* Merchant.

On the Spring.

The lofty Mountains stand in non a row,
Which but of late were periwigd with snow
D'off their old coats, and now are daily seene
To stand on tiptoes, all in swaggering greene.
Meadows and gardens are prankt up with buds,
And chirping birds now chant in the woods.

H

The

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

The warbling Swallow, and the Larks do sing,
To welcome in the glorious verdant Spring.

To his deare friend and
cousin, M^r *Allan Penny*,
Citizen of *Exeter*.

On the Morning.

THe morning golden horse rush forth amain,
Spending their breath, suckt from the Eastern
(plain;
And posting still with speed through gentle air,
Hurlc their perfumes from out the glittering chair.
The Suns bright Steeds come running up again
To *Taurus* top, still glad to see the plain
Of *Indus* far: and now begins t'approach
The winged Messenger of heaven, in's Coach

Epigram and Epitaph.

Of ruddy flames: night-wandering stars have done
Their stragling course, and now the day's begun.
Bright burning *Luna* drags her dazzling taile
Into the dungeon of a darksome vaile.

To his deare friend and
brother, *Mr Thomas Bawdon.*

On the Evening.

Rise, rise, yet sootie horse from duskie dale,
And draw your Mistress in a sable vaile:
Who rides it out with her knot curled haire,
Like to an *Æthiope* in an Ebonie chaire:
Whose dark unseemly face is wrapt in shrowds,
With *Syr dy'd* curtains of congealed clouds.
Rise thou pale Queen of night, prepare thy carres,
And climb yon glittering glorious mount of stars.

Epigrams and Epitaphs

To his dearest brother, Mr.
William Halmes, Citizen of Exeter

Deaths impartiality.

Carmen Hexametrum.

High minded *Pyrrhus*, brave *Hector*, stout
Agamemnon,
Hannibal, and *Scipio*, whom all the world did
attend on,
That worthy Captain, world conquering great
Alexander,
That tender, constant, true hearted, lovely
Leander,
That cunning Painter, that curious hande
Apelles,
Mirmidons insatiate, that kept the Tent of
Achilles,
Alphonso Aragon, that great Mathematicall
Artist,
That stately Queene of beauty; that Lady
Mars kist,
Wit, wealth, and beauty, yea all these pomps that
adorne us,
Must see black *Phlegiton*, rough *Styx*, and fatall
Avernus.

To

To his kind and loving
friend, M^r *Henry Prigg*,
Citizen of *Exeter*.

On the sweetnesse of Contentation.

THe world still gazeth on the glittering shew
Of Scepters, Crowns, and Diadems, but few
Consider truly the tempestuous cares,
And tumbling troubles of the State affaires.
Honour's the spur that pricks th'ambitious mind,
And makes it puffed and swel with th'empty wind
Of self conceit: But yet me thinks I see
A state more full of sweet security.

The russet Farmer, more contentment yeelds

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

Unto himselfe, whilst toiling in his fields,
Behold's upon the pleasant fertile banks,
Wife Natures flowrie wonders in their ranks.
And when the halfe part of the day is spent,
His wife her basket brings, they with content
Do both sit down by some sweet fragling Spring
And make a Feast, whilst 'bout his table sing
The chirping birds ; he when the day is past,
Home to his children, and his wife makes haste:
The children joy to see their father there ;
The father joyes to see his children deare :
Then they begin to him their pleasant prattle,
One shewes his pins, another brings his rattle.
With these contents the good man's over-joy'd,
When thus he sees his deare affections cloid,
Whil'ft others toile for honour, and in vaine

Deny

Epigrams and Epitaphs.

Deny themselves those sweets they might obtain.

O thou thou great Commander of the skyes,

That dings downe pride, and makes the poor man

Let them that will dote on these gilded toys, ^{(rise,}

Let me account it chiefeſt of my joyes

T' enjoy ~~my~~ ^{my} estate, and nothing more,

If't be thy pleasure that I still be poore.

Give me this sweet content, that I may die

A patient servant to thy Majestic.

H 4

To

To his dearly affected
friend, Mr George Leach
of Broadcliff in Devon.

On the Vanity of Man.

Like to the Swan on sweet *Meanders* brink,
Like flowers that flourish in the morne, and
(shrink
Down with their heads, when sable night appears;

Such is our frailty in this vale of teares.

The gilded gallant, and the tortur'd slave

Cut down by death, come tumbling to the grave.

Not *Europes* riches, nor an *Ajax* bold,

Nor men, nor Angels, nor our bags of gold,

Nor he that was the spacious worlds Cōmander,

Cæsar, *Pompey*, nor an *Alexander*,

Nor

Epigrams and Epitaphs

Nor can greene youth, well, wit, or tender age,
The raging fury of thy Sword allwage.

O then thou Star Commander, dreadfull King,
Whose *Fiat* makes the trembling world to ring,
Teach us, ô teach us so to know our dayes,
Thereby to rectifie our crooked waies;

That when with Angels, and Archangels thou
Shalt come to iudge the world, and make it bow,
We then may render up a good account,
And live with thee upon that starrie mount.

In Hyemem.

P *Apula canescunt, tremebundi turbinis horror
Fulminat, heu Boreas nimbo sa grandinat ira
Torva laboriferi fulgentia cornua quassæ
Tauri nix tegit, pelagus vult tangere stellas,
Cerberus horrendo baculo nunc Tartara plangit,
Flammiferosq; locos dicit spoliasse pruinam.*

On the death of Mr.

***Charles Fitz-Geffrays, Mi-
nister of Gods Word.***

O Thou the saddest of the Sisters nine,
Adde to a sea of teares, one teare of mine.

Unhappy I, that am constrain'd to sing
His death, whose life did make the world to ring
With echoes of his praise. A true Divine
In's life & doctrine, which like Lamps did shine
Till they were spent and done, did never cease
To guide our steps unto eternall peace.
Thy habitation's now the starry mount,
Where thy great Maker makes of thee account.
Farewell thou splendor of the spacious West,

Above

Epigramme, ou Epitaphes, I

Above th' Ætheriall clouds for ever blest :
The Tolle of thee a watry mountaine reares,
With high spring-tides of our sad trickling teares.

On Sack.

O Thou so much admir'd by ev'ry soule
That lives 'twixt th' Artick & th' Antartick
(Pole)
Apollo's drink, drawn from the *Thesopian* Spring,
Whereof the silver Swans before they sing
Doe alwaies drink : though thy sweet simpring
Some mortall creatures of their coine beguiles,
Yet from black *Limbo's* gate thou bring'st mans
(soule,
And makes his spirits knock the highest Pole.

On

IN TUBACCO.

HENRICI BLETII

THou hell-brat, infernall drink,
Pernicious, damn'd, soule-fascinating stink,
Time's great consumer, cursed chile of hell,
Scum of perdition, praye from mine cell:
Thy barbarous nature likes no soule so well,
As where the Devill and his pagans dwell.
Bewitched then are those that stand up for thee,
Till they have grace t'abandon and abhor thee.

IN
F I N I S

Epitaphi et Epigramata

IN OBITUM HENRICI BLUETT

Generosi.

Perditionis, hunc, tolle-fascinating stink,

R *Vsticus in agro,
Opes in agro:*

Scum of perdition, tolle-fascinating stink,

Necatur in vano.
Tolle-fascinating stink, tolle-fascinating stink,

As where the Devil and his followers well.

Canis vultu pulchro
Bewitched they are, tolle-fascinating stink,
Tolle-fascinating stink, tolle-fascinating stink,
Till they have grace in hand and honor there.

VI

FINIS.

Sumner

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C 1815

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